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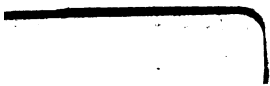
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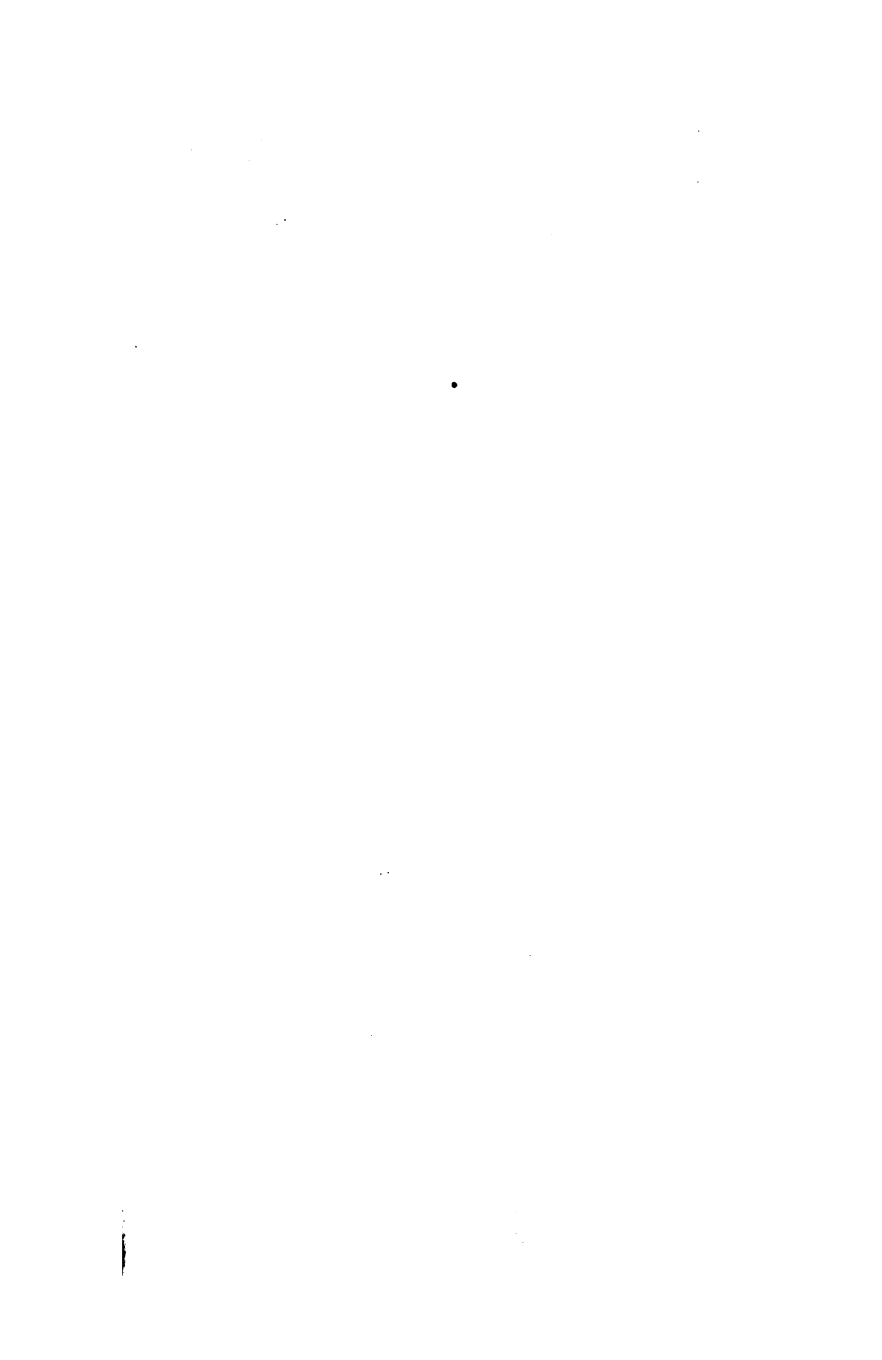
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HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

**Printed by Mercier and Chervet,
No. 32, Little Bartholomew Close, London.**

7/56

HAMLET TRAVESTIE:

IN THREE ACTS.

16997

By John Poole

WITH

ANNOTATIONS

BY

DR. JOHNSON AND GEO. STEEVENS, Esq.

AND

OTHER COMMENTATORS.

Quantum mutatus ab illo.

VIRGIL.

— Commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

YOUNG.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. M. RICHARDSON, NO. 23, CORNHILL,
OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

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1810.

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## PREFACE.

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CONSCIOUS that any attempt to treat with levity the works of our IMMORTAL POET is in some danger of being received with displeasure, the following production is submitted to the public with that diffidence which the delicacy of the subject must, naturally, excite. In order, however, to remove those objections arising solely out of partiality or of prejudice, a few observations may not be, altogether, unnecessary.

The objection most commonly urged against burlesques and parodies in general, is, that they tend to bring into ridicule and contempt those authors against whose works they are directed. That this objection will hold when applied to works of inferior merit, or to such as are deficient in sense or genius, is freely admitted; but when used with reference to such writings as, from their intrinsic merit, have been long established in the public estimation, its futility is evident. HOMER and VIRGIL have both been the subjects of strong burlesques, but they are still read with unabated admiration; the bay that adorns *them* still flourishes, and its verdure remains undiminished: and it would be an insult to the high character of OUR POET,

were it supposed that the wreath is so loosely twined around *his* brows as to be endangered by so mere a trifle as that which gives rise to these remarks. Whilst the beauties of poetry shall continue to delight, the works of SHAKSPEARE will be read with enthusiasm; and any *serious* attempt to tarnish his fame, or to degrade him from his exalted station, must ever be considered as weak and as ridiculous in the design, as it would certainly be found unavailing and impossible in the execution.

But whatever apology or extenuation may be deemed necessary for the liberty that is taken with the poet, it is presumed that nei-

ther will be required for the use that is made of his annotators : for no real admirer of SHAKSPEARE but must feel indignant at finding his sense perverted, and his meaning obscured\*, by the false lights, and the fanciful and arbitrary illustrations, of *Black-letter Critics* and *Coney-catching Commentators*. And it had been well if some able satirist had exposed and punished their

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\* The poets of the present day have wisely provided against injuries of this nature; for with the assistance of an abundance of notes they have so clearly explained *their own* meanings (which, it must be confessed, would, otherwise, be frequently unintelligible) as to supersede the labours of future critics.

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PREFACE.

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folly, their affectation, and their arrogance, at the time when the rage for editing and commenting on SHAKSPEARE was at its height, and every pedant in Black-letter lore assumed the prerogative of an *authorized* pollutor of his text\*.

From the force of its sentiments, the beauty of its imagery, and, above all, the solemnity

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\* From this general reproach must the great Dr. Johnson be excepted, who, *even as a Shaksperian Commentator*, is entitled to our respect; and of whom it may truly be said, that he never wrote without the intention, and scarcely ever without the effect, of rendering mankind wiser or more virtuous.

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of its conduct, there is, perhaps, no tragedy in the English language better adapted to receive a burlesque than "HAMLET;" and from its being so frequently before the public, so very generally read, and so continually quoted, it is, more than any other, calculated to give to burlesque its full effect, and which can only be produced by a facility of contrast with its subject work. For it is obvious, that in a work of this nature (the object of which is to convey the precise sentiments and ideas of the author, but in language, and in a manner, unsuited to their subject and the character of the speaker) many parts must appear ridiculous, and even contemptible, when considered independently

of the passage or passages to which they allude. For a reader, therefore, to derive entertainment from a burlesque, but more particularly to be enabled to decide whether it be ill or well executed, a familiar acquaintance with the original is indispensable.

The travestie having been originally undertaken with an idea to its representation on the stage, it will be perceived that stage-effect is sometimes considered : as in the opening of the piece amidst the magnificence of the palace, in preference to the stillness of the platform ; and in the substitution of a pugilistic trial of skill, in the last scene, for the more elegant exercise of the rapier.

\\

With respect to the annotations, particular allusions are sometimes made ; but, in general, nothing more is intended than an imitation of the general style, manner, and character of the commentators ; and an attempt to produce the ludicrous by the application of the pomp and affectation of critical sagacity and of controversial asperity, to subjects light, trifling, and insignificant.

With no other view, in the publication of this trifle, than to afford an hour's amusement, the author solicits for it an exemption from severe and minute criticism : with an apology for having occupied so much of his

reader's time, upon so unimportant a subject,  
he respectfully submits his work to the public,  
and trusts to an indulgent and liberal reception.



# HAMLET TRAVESTIE:

IN

THREE ACTS.

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Quantum mutatus ab illo.

VIRGIL.

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## Dramatis Personae.

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CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

HAMLET, Son to the former, and nephew to the present King.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, Son to Polonius.

ROSENCRANTZ,  
GUILDENSTERN, } Courtiers.

OSRICK,  
MARCELLUS, }  
BERNARDO, } Officers.

A FRIAR.

A GRAVE-DIGGER.

GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, PLAYERS, AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—*Elsinore.*

N. B. In the burlesque the *acting* edition, (Mrs. Inchbald's) is followed.

# HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.

*A Room of State in the Palace.*

KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,  
GENTLEMEN and LADIES discovered.

*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

*King.*

Tho' by our dismal phizzes plain 'tis seen  
The mem'ry of our brother's death is green;  
Yet, as he's laid in peace upon the shelf,  
'Tis time we think upon our royal self:  
We, therefore, to dispel our royal spleen,  
Have ta'en his widow Gertrude for our Queen.—  
How now, Laertes, what's the news with you?  
You told us of some suit.—

*Laertes.*

My Lord, that's true:  
I have a mighty wish to learn to dance,  
And crave your royal leave to go to France.



*King.*

Your suit is granted.

*Laertes.*

Sire, I'm much your debtor.

*King.*

Then brush ! the sooner you are off the better.

[*Exit Laertes.*

(*To Hamlet*) Cheer up, my son and cousin, never mind—

*Hamlet.*

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

*King.*

Why hang the clouds still on you ? Come, have done.

*Hamlet.*

You're out, my Lord : I'm too much in the sun.—

*Queen.*

Come, Hamlet, leave off crying ; 'tis in vain,  
Since crying will not bring him back again.

Besides, 'tis common ; all that live must die—  
So blow your nose, my dear, and do not cry.

*Hamlet.*

Aye, Madam, it is common.

*Queen.*

If it be,

Why seems there such a mighty fuss with thee ?

*Hamlet.*

Talk not to me of seems—when husbands die,  
'Twere well if some folks seem'd the same as I.  
But *I* have that within, you can't take from me—  
As for black clothes,—that's all my eye and Tommy (*a*).

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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*King.*

Cheer up, my hearty : tho' you've lost your dad,  
Consider that your case is not so bad :  
Your father lost a father ; and 'tis certain,  
Death o'er your great grandfather drew the curtain.  
You've mourn'd enough : 'tis time your grief to smother ;  
Don't cry ; you shall be king some time or other.

*Queen.*

Go not to Wittenburg, my love, I pray you.

*Hamlet.*

Mama, I shall in all my best obey you.

*King.*

Well said, my lad ! Cheer up ! no more foul weather :—  
We'll meet anon, and all get drunk together.

[*Flourish of trumpets and drums—*  
*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

### SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—*Derry down.*)

A ducat I'd give if a sure way I knew,  
How to thaw and resolve my stout flesh into dew !  
How happy were I if no sin were self-slaughter !  
For I'd then throw myself and my cares in the water.  
*Derry down, down, down, derry down.*

How weary, how profitless,—stale, and how flat,  
Seem to me all life's uses, its joys, and all that :  
This world is a garden unweeded ; and clearly  
Not worth living for—things rank and gross hold it merely.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

Two months have scarce pass'd since dad's death, and my  
mother,

Like a brute as she is, has just married his brother.—

To wed such a bore!— but 'tis all too late now:

We can't make a silk purse of the ear of a sow.

*Derry down, &c.*

So fondly he lov'd her, I've oft heard him tell her,

“ If it rains, my dear Gertrude, pray take my umbrella.”

When too roughly the winds have beset her, he' hath said,

“ My dear, take my Belcher (*b*) to tie round your head.”

*Derry down, &c.*

Why, zounds! she'd hang on him, as much as to say

“ The longer I love you, the longer I may.”—

Yet before one could whistle, as I'm a true man,

He's forgotten!—Oh frailty, thy name sure is woman!

*Derry down, &c.*

To marry my uncle! My father's own brother!

I'm as much like a lion as one's like the other.

It will not, by jingo, it can't come to good—

But break my poor heart:—I'd say more if I could.

*Derry down, &c.*

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

*Hamlet.*

My lads I'm glad to see you. I implore

You'll tell me what brought you to Elsinore.

[*To Horatio.*

*Horatio.*

To see dad's funeral I popp'd my head in.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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*Hamlet.*

No quizzing (c)—'twas to see my mother's wedding.

*Horatio.*

Indeed, my lord, one follow'd hard on t'other.—  
I never should have thought it of your mother.

*Hamlet.*

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! Denmark's cooks were able,  
With funeral meats to cheer (d) the marriage table.—  
Methinks I have my father in my sight.

*Horatio.*

My lord, I'll swear I saw him yesternight.

*Hamlet.*

Saw! Who?

*Horatio.*

The king, your father.

*Hamlet.*

Much I doubt it.

*Marcellus.*

'Tis true, my lord.

*Horatio.*

I'll tell you all about it.

SONG.—HORATIO.

(Tune—"Heigho! says Rowley.")

Two nights to watch, these gentlemen went,  
"Heigho!" says Horatio,

When just at the time when the night was spent,  
A spectre to frighten them thither was sent,

*With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud and skeleton,*

“ Too strange to be true,” says Horatio.

The ghost like your father look'd, arm'd cap-à-pé.

“ Heigho !” says Horatio,

They came in a twitter to tell this to me,

Saying, “ if you don't credit us pray come and see.”

*With his tomb-stone, &c.*

“ A cock and a bull,” says Horatio.

I promis'd with them to keep watch the next night :

“ Heigho !” says Horatio,

When lo ! as they 'd told me, the ghost came in sight—

Says I, “ 'Tis too plain that there's something not right.

*With his tomb-stone, &c.*

“ But we 'll soon find it out,” says Horatio.

I intended to say a few words to the Ghost;

“ Heigho !” says Horatio,

(I should'nt have kept him five minutes at most)

But I found the poor fellow as dumb as a post.

*With his tomb-stone, &c.*

“ He's no blabber, I find,” says Horatio.

He turn'd on his heel and went off in a pet,

“ Heigho !” says Horatio,

But he frown'd on us all ere away we could get,

Just as much as to say, “ I've not done with you yet.”

*With his tomb-stone, &c.*

“ We had better make off,” says Horatio.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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He soon came in again, so I told him my mind:

“ Heigho!” says Horatio,

Says I, “ I’m quite sure you’ve left something behind,  
Some treasure perhaps your exec’tors can’t find.

*With his tomb-stone, &c.*

“ You’d best shew where ’tis hid,” says Horatio.

He seem’d not to like it, and look’d rather black,

“ Heigho!” says Horatio,

As much as to say, “ You had best hold your clack,”  
But he heard the cock crow and was off in a crack.

*With his tomb-stone, &c.*

“ You’re a rum kind of ghost,” says Horatio.

*Hamlet.*

Perchance ’twill walk again;—I’ll watch to night,  
And beg a conversation with the sprite.

If in my father’s form it come to scare me,  
I’ll speak to it, should e’en Old Harry dare me.

(*To Hor. and Mar.*) Don’t let the cat out of the bag,  
I prythee.

*Horatio.*

Never fear me.

*Marcellus.*

Nor me.

*Hamlet.*

Then I’ll be with ye

Soon after supper.

*Horatio.*

Honour?

B 4

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

*Hamlet.*

Poz. —Adieu !

[*Exeunt* Hor. Mar. and Ber.]

No doubt some dirty work, if this be true.  
Would it were supper time, this tale so wheedles,  
Till then I'm sitting upon pins and needles. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Platform.*

*Enter* Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

*Hamlet.*

The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.

*Horatio.*

(*Aside*) Why any fool, methinks, might that have told.

*Hamlet.*

What is't o'clock ?

*Horatio.*

Half past eleven at most.—

*Marcellus.*

My watch says twelve (e).

*Horatio.*

But see ! here comes the ghost.

*Enter* Ghost.

*Hamlet.*

Zounds ! here's a pretty rig ! (f) O Lord, defend us !  
Prythee no more such frightful spectres send us !

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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Be thou a jovial sprite or goblin damn'd ;  
Be thou or æther-puff'd or sulphur-cramm'd ;  
Be thy intents indiff'rent, good, or bad,  
I'll speak to thee, thou look'st so like my dad.  
In a trim grave so snugly wast thou lain,  
Say what the devil brought thee out again ?  
I like a joke myself ; but 'tis not right,  
To come and frighten us to death at night.  
Say, why is this ? and straight the reason tell us,  
For fright'ning me, Horatio, and Marcellus.—

*Horatio.*

He'd have a tête-à-tête with you—alone.

*Hamlet.*

Would he ?—Here goes then—now, my cock, lead on !

*Marcellus.*

You shall not go.

*Horatio.*

Perhaps he means to kill you.

*Hamlet.*

You'd better hold your jaw (*g*),—be quiet, will you ?

*Horatio.*

Now blow me if you go.

*Hamlet.*

My fate cries out  
And gives me pluck—so mind what you're about.  
Still am I call'd—paws off—the time we're wasting—  
Come, brush ; or else I'll give you both a basting.  
[*Breaking from them.*]



Hop off, I say ! (*To Ghost*) Lead on, I'll quickly follow.

(*To Hor. and Mar.*) Wait here, and if I want ye, lads, I'll hollo.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Ham.*  
*Hor. and Mar.*

### SCENE III.

*A remote part of the Platform.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hamlet.*

Hollo, you Sir ! Where is't you mean to go ?  
I'll go no further.

*Ghost.*

You had better.

*Hamlet.*

No !

*Ghost.*

Then hold your gab (*h*), and hear what I've to tell ;  
I'm press'd for time—we keep good hours in h—ll.  
Soon must I go and have another roast ;  
So pray attend to me.

*Hamlet.*

Alas, poor Ghost !

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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### SONG.—GHOST.

(Tune—*Giles Scroggins' Ghost.*)

Behold in me your father's sprite,

*Ri tol tiddy lol de ray,*

Doom'd for a term to walk the night.

*Tiddy, tiddy, &c.*

You'll scarce believe me when I say,

That I'm bound to fast in fires all day,

Till my crimes are burnt and purg'd away.

*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

But that I am forbid to blow,

*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

The dreadful secrets which I know.

*Tiddy, tiddy, &c.*

I could such a dismal tale unfold,

As would make your precious blood run cold!

But ah! those things must not be told.

*Ri tol diddy, &c.*

Your father suddenly you miss'd,

*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

I'll tell you how:—List! List! O list!

*Tiddy, tiddy, &c.*

'Twas given out to all the town,

That a serpent pull'd your father down—

But now that serpent wears his crown.

*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

Your uncle is the man I mean,

*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

That diddled (*i*) me out of my crown and my queen.

*Tiddy, tiddy, &c.*

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

O what a falling off was there !  
 But brief let me be, I must back repair,  
 For methinks I scent the morning air.  
*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

One afternoon as was my use,  
*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*  
 I went to my orchard to take a snooze;  
*Tiddy, tiddy, &c.*  
 When your uncle into my ear did pour  
 A bottle of cursed hellebore.—  
 How little did I think I should wake no more !  
*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

Doom'd by a brother's hand was I,  
*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*  
 To lose my crown, my wife,—to die.  
*Tiddy, tiddy, &c.*  
 I should like to have settled my worldly affairs,  
 But the rascal came on so unawares,  
 That I hadn't even time to say my pray'rs.  
*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

Torment your uncle for my sake ;  
*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*  
 Let him never be at peace, asleep or awake.  
*Tiddy, tiddy, &c.*  
 Your mother's plague let her conscience be—  
 But I must be off for the day-light I see.—  
 Adieu, adieu, adieu ! Remember me !  
*Ri tol tiddy, &c.*

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

*Hamlet.*

Remember thee ?—I feel in such a flurry,  
 Egad, I shan't forget thee in a hurry.

Remember thee? Yea, from my souvenir,  
All memoranda swift shall disappear;  
There thy commandment all alone I'll write;  
And if I e'er forget thee—blow me tight.

*Horatio (without.)*

My Lord!

*Marcellus.*

Lord Hamlet!

*Hamlet.*

Damn those stupid fellows.

Horatio, here am I.—Hollo, Marcellus.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Marcellus.*

How is't, my Lord?—What news?—What said the  
Ghost?

*Hamlet.*

You'll blab.

*Marcellus.*

Not I.

*Horatio.*

I'm silent as a post.

*Hamlet.*

He said each Danish villain is a knave!

*Horatio.*

That all?—He might have staid then in his grave.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

*Hamlet.*

That's as he pleases.—So good night—but ho !  
 I have a word to say before you go.  
 Never make known what you have seen to night.

*Horatio.*

Not I.

*Marcellus.*

Nor I.

*Hamlet.*

Swear !

*Ghost (beneath.)*

Make 'em swear. That's right !  
 [*They swear.*]

*Hamlet.*

But that's not all: Now swear that if, perchance,  
 Like Merry Andrew, I think fit to dance  
 And skip about the house, you'll never dare  
 To tell, or even hint, the reason—

*Ghost (beneath.)*

Swear !

[*They swear again.*]*Hamlet.*

Lie still, Old Grey-bones.—'Tis such chilling weather,  
 Suppose we go and get some drink together ?

*Horatio.*

With all my heart—Egad, I like your plan—  
 Marcellus, what say you, lad ?

HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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*Marcellus.*

I'm your man.

*Hamlet.*

The world's gone mad—Curs'd fate, that ever I  
Was born to have a finger in the pie!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

*Enter Polonius, meeting Ophelia.*

*Polonius.*

You look stark mad, Ophelia!—What's the row? (*k*)

*Ophelia.*

I've had a precious fright.

*Polonius.*

Pray tell me how.

SONG.—OPHELIA.

(Tune—"Mrs. Clarke.")

My Lord, you must know,  
A few minutes ago,  
In my room I was darning a stocking:  
Now conceive my alarm,  
When, (not dreaming of harm),  
I was rous'd by a violent knocking.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

I thought 'twas Old Scratch,  
So I fasten'd the latch,  
And went on with my work as before ;  
But whilst my needle I was threading,  
Lord Hamlet popp'd his head in—  
For, d'ye mind, he kick'd open the door.

His doublet unbrac'd,  
Was slung round his waist,  
And his stockings were dirty and loose ;  
He was pale as a sheet,  
And could scarce keep his feet.—  
Thus he came in, and star'd like a goose !

He took hold of my wrist,  
And gave it a twist  
That made me to quiver and quake :  
He then began to quiz  
As tho' he meant to draw my phiz ;  
And then gave me a terrible shake.

Next, so sadly he sigh'd,  
Lord ! I thought he'd have died ;  
Then he thrice up and down shook his noddle,  
After treating me so,  
He thought fit to let me go ;  
And then tow'rds the stairs did he waddle.

'Twas a chance he didn't fall  
Over bannisters and all,  
For I vow not a step could he see ;  
To my utter surprize,  
He found his way without his eyes,—  
To the last they were bent upon me.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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*Polonius.*

Come, go with me ;—I will go seek the king :  
Hamlet's behaviour is not quite the thing.  
Have you of late been snappish to him, pray ?

*Ophelia.*

Oh, no—I never did a cross word say :  
I merely sent his letters back by scores,  
And when he came to see me, turn'd him out o'doors.

*Polonius.*

Aye ! that hath made him mad—I do not doubt it.  
We'll to the king and tell him all about it. [Exeunt.

### SCENE V.

*The Palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

*King.*

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern :  
You have come just in time to serve our turn.  
Something you've heard of Hamlet's transformation ;  
But to account for his sad situation  
We find impossible ; so you must pump him :  
If he won't tell by fair means—why then—thump him.

*Queen.*

Good gentlemen, right heartily he'll greet you,  
For very often hath he wish'd to meet you ;  
So stay, and find out what his real state is,  
And we will give you board and lodging gratis.



## HAMLET' TRAVESTIE.

*Rosen.*

Indeed we can't refuse, you speak so pretty ;  
You might command us, and you use entreaty.

*Guild.*

We both obey you, and we think it meet  
To lay our service freely at your feet.

*King.*

Thanks, lads.

*Queen.*

Now pray discover what this fun is.  
(*To attendants*) Hollo, there ! bring these jockeys  
where my son is. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Another Room in the Palace.**Enter Hamlet.**Hamlet.*

I think my plan will hit—they're caught, egad !  
And all the family believe I'm mad.  
Guild'stern and Rosencrantz just now they sent  
To sift my secrets, but they miss'd their scent—  
And Old Polonius too—that sneaking prig—  
But if I let them pump me, dash my wig.  
Hold ! something of the play'rs he said—aye—right.  
I'll have them act a play this very night :  
For guilty people oft (I've heard folks say)  
Confess their sins when sitting at a play.—  
They shall not act *their* tragedies ; I'd rather  
Have something 'bout the murder of my father :

'Twill make a charming ballet-pantomime—  
We'll get it up in stile,—if we have time.  
The king shall come ; he'll not suspect the trick ;  
I'll watch him close—I'll touch him to the quick.  
The charge against him is, as yet, deficient,—  
The honour of a Ghost is not sufficient :  
But if the play affect him, I shall tell O !  
That he's a knave—the Ghost an honest fellow.  
[Exit Hamlet.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



# HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*A Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSEN-  
CRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.*

And can you by no drift of conversation  
Smell out the cause of his sad situation?

*Rosen.*

He does confess himself *non compos mentis*,  
But won't tell what the cause or the intent is.

*Guilden.*

He'll not be sounded; he knows well enough  
The game we're after: Zooks, he's up to snuff (a).

*Queen.*

Did you not try to get him out to play?

*Rosen.*

It chanc'd we met the actors on the way:

He jump'd for joy to hear it; they're at court;  
And he this night intends to have rare sport.

*Polonius.*

'Tis true: and Hamlet says that if your graces  
Will come to see the play, he'll book you places.

*King.*

With all my heart: right glad am I to find  
That he to some amusement is inclin'd.  
Pray, gentlemen, give him a further zest  
For sports like these.

*Rosen.*

My Lord, we'll do our best.

[*Exeunt Guild. and Rosen.*]

*King.*

Sweet Gertrude, march your carcase: we have sent  
For Hamlet, that (as 'twere by accident)  
He here may meet Ophelia.—Thro' the key-hole  
Polonius and myself will hear and see th' whole:  
And from his conduct we shall soon discover  
If Hamlet's be the madness of a lover.

*Queen.*

Ophelia, were he mad of love for you,  
I think we'd cure him soon.

*Ophelia.*

I think so too.

[*Exit Queen.*]

*Polonius.*

(*To Ophelia*) Here take this book ; he'll think you're  
at your pray'rs.

(*To the King*) Come, let's be off ; I hear him on the  
stairs. [*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

*Enter Hamlet.*

SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—"Here we go up, up, up.")

When a man becomes tir'd of his life,  
The question is, "to be, or not to be?"  
For before he dare finish the strife,  
His reflections most serious ought to be.  
When his troubles too numerous grow,  
And he knows of no method to mend them,  
Had he best bear them tamely, or no?—  
Or by stoutly opposing them end them?  
*Ri tol de rol, &c.*

To die is to sleep—nothing more—  
And by sleeping to say we end sorrow,  
And pain, and ten thousand things more—  
O, I wish it were my turn to-morrow!  
But, perchance, in that sleep we may dream,  
For we dream in our beds very often—  
Now, however capricious 't may seem,  
I've no notion of dreams in a coffin.  
*Ri tol de rol, &c.*

'Tis the doubt of our ending all snugly  
That makes us with life thus dispute;  
Or who'd bear with a wife old and ugly,  
Or the length of a chancery suit?

Or who would bear fardels, and take  
 Kicks, cuffs, frowns, and many an odd thing,  
 When he might his own quietus make,  
 And end all his cares with a bodkin?

*Ri tol de rol, &c.*

Truly, death is a fine thing to talk of,  
 But I'll leave it to men of more learning;  
 For my own part, I've no wish to walk off,  
 For I find there's no chance of returning.—  
 After all 'tis the pleasantest way,  
 To bear up as we can 'gainst our sorrow;  
 And if things go not easy to day,  
 Let us hope they'll go better to-morrow.

*Ri tol de rol, &c.*

*Hamlet.*

(*Seeing Ophelia*) Think on my sins, Ophelia, when  
 you pray.

*Ophelia.*

My Lord, I hope I see you well to-day?

*Hamlet.*

I humbly thank you, pretty well, my dear.

*Ophelia.*

My Lord, I've brought you back your presents here—  
 The things you bought me at the fair, you know.

*Hamlet.*

I never gave you aught.

*Ophelia.*

You can't say so:

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

25

You know you gave them, and with words bewitch-  
ing,  
Last week when I was sitting in the kitchen :  
But now you're surly they're not worth a penny—  
So take them back.

*Hamlet.*  
I never gave you any.

### SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—"Mr. Mug.")

Let me tell you, Miss Ophelia, your behaviour's very rude,  
And your whims and freaks and fancies ought in time to be  
subdued ;

So if my advice will better you, to give it 'tis my duty :—  
Imprimis :—let your honesty discourse not with your beauty.

*Won't you, won't you, won't you to a nunnery go ?*

I told you once I lov'd you, but 'twas easy to perceive  
That I didn't care a fig for you, as now you will believe.  
In future trust to none of us ; we're arrant knaves at best ;  
And I (as soon you'll find) am no better than the rest.

*Won't you, won't you, &c.*

If you marry (just to comfort you) this plague take for your  
portion,  
That calumny will twig you, tho' you act with greatest  
caution.

But get some fool to marry you, if disengag'd your heart is ;  
I shall not tell the reason—but 'twere better for both  
parties.

*Won't you, won't you, &c.*



## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

I've lately been inform'd that you paint both red and white ;  
 Heav'n gave you one face, and to make another is not right.  
 Your pranks have made me mad—Marriage bells no more  
     shall jingle—

The married may remain so, but the rest shall all keep  
     single.

*Won't you, won't you, &c.*

[*Exit Hamlet.*]

*Ophelia.*

O, what a pity such a charming lad  
 Should, at his time of life, go raving mad !  
 He says he loves me not—I'll call him in again,  
 And his affections try to win again.

RECITATIVE (*accompanied*), and DUETT ; (b)

HAMLET and OPHELIA.

RECITATIVE.

*Ophelia.*

Dear Hamlet, pray come back. (*Enter Hamlet.*) I'm your's  
     for ever.

*Hamlet.*

And shall we never part, love ?

(*Together.*)

Ah ! no, never !

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

27

### DUETT.

(Tune—" *I've kiss'd and I've prattled.*")

#### *Hamlet.*

I've made love to fifty young women in Denmark,  
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see :  
But if she would promise to love me—why then mark—  
Ophelia's the maid for me.

#### *Ophelia.*

I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty young fellows,  
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see :  
But if he would be not so devilish jealous,  
Young Hamlet's the lad for me.

#### *Hamlet.*

Your father, I know, doesn't much like the match,  
But we in our choice will be free ;  
I'm a prince—and he ought to be glad of the catch,  
For Ophelia's the maid for me.

#### *Ophelia.*

We know very well that advice cheap as dirt is,  
And plenty I've had d'ye see :  
But in spite of the lessons of brother Laertes,  
Young Hamlet's the lad for me.

#### *Hamlet and Ophelia.*

Then here be an end to our squabbles and strife  
And happy for ever we'll be.

*Ham.* And as no other woman shall e'er be my wife,

*Oph.* And as no other man shall e'er make me his wife,

*Ham.* Ophelia's the maid for me.

*Oph.* Young Hamlet's the lad for me.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Theatre in the Palace.**Enter Hamlet and the First Actor.*

SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—" *Liberty Hall.* ")

Tho' a talent for acting must nature impart,  
 'Tis refin'd and improv'd by the lessons of art :  
 So I'll teach you the rules my experience affords,  
 As I once had an itching myself for the boards.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

When speaking a speech, it an actor becomes  
 To mumble as tho' he'd his mouth full of plums,  
 For mouthing's a *sine qua non* : if you doubt it,  
 Pray say what were W—— or W—— without it ?

*Tol de rol, &c.*

All actors should study what folks call *the graces*—  
 That's the twist of their legs, and the set of their faces :  
 But for gracefully using their *arms*, my advice is,  
 They, like C——, saw the air, as it were, into slices.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

Some will tell you, " be calm ;" but in spite of their cant,  
 And their critical jargon, strut, bellow, and rant :  
 To bamboozle the flats and to keep them from snoring,  
 R—— proves that there's nothing like ranting and roaring.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

29

But in speeches which, teeming with passion, require  
All an E———'s spirit, a K———'s own fire,  
If you'd hope H—— S—— to equal in fame,  
You, like him, must be lifeless, insipid, and tame.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

Some critics assert (but I stoutly dispute it),  
That each word stands in need of an action to suit it:—  
Their principle's false;—and if fairly they'll try it,  
C——, C——, and twenty besides, will deny it.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

Always garnish the author's, when playing the clown,  
Like M—— or D—— with wit of your own:  
And tho' critics should hiss, yet the gods' approbation  
In a horse-laugh will greet you.—So ends my oration.

*Tol de rol, &c.*

[*Exit First Actor.*

*Enter Horatio.*

*Hamlet.*

Horatio, is that you? I'm glad to meet you.

*Horatio.*

My honour'd lord, most proud am I to greet you.

*Hamlet.*

Horatio, you're as tight a lad, I say,  
As one may meet with in a summer's day.

*Horatio.*

Come, that won't do, my lord:—now that's all gam-  
mon (c).

He's throwing out a sprat to catch a salmon.

[*Aside.*

*Hamlet.*

Sir, if you think it gammon, you mistake me;  
For if I gammon you, the devil take me.  
You know I cannot hope to gain a louse,  
From you, who are as poor as a church-mouse.  
No! let him cringe who hopes to mend his gains;  
I should but get my labour for my pains.  
Since I could tell a dray-horse from a poney,  
I've fix'd on you, Horatio, for my croney:  
You're ne'er down-hearted; fortune's freaks you  
smother;  
And when she slaps one cheek, you hold up t'other.  
Give me the man that stands all sorts of weather,  
And we shall soon be hand and glove together.  
Something too much of this.—

*Horatio.*

Pray what's the reason  
Your lordship sent for me?

*Hamlet.*

To smoke out treason.  
You must with me in a good joke unite:  
We have pic-nic theatricals to night:  
A pantomimic ballet I intend  
To represent my dad's untimely end.  
To do't in stile I've made great preparations—  
New music, scen'ry, dresses, decorations.—  
I've just sent tickets to the King and Queen;  
Now watch my uncle in the murder scene—  
I'll bet a wager he'll convict himself;  
If not, this spectre is a lying elf,  
And I have all this time been drunk or dreaming.  
However, let us closely note his seeming.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

31

*Horatio.*

My lord, we will.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.*

*Hamlet.*

This trumpeting and drumming  
Gives notice that the King and Queen are coming.  
To keep the joke up, I must idle be :  
Go to your place, and keep a seat for me.

### A GRAND MARCH.

*Enter Polonius, King, Queen, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,  
Guildenstern, Osrick, Marcellus, Bernardo, Gen-  
tlemen and Ladies.*

*King.*

How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

*Hamlet.*

Tightly, tightly ;  
I eat the air :—You can't feed pigs so lightly.

*King.*

Pooh ! Nonsense, Sir,—Such words I don't acknow-  
ledge.

*Hamlet.*

(*To Pol.*) You told me, Sir, you acted once at  
college.

*Polonius.*

I acted Cæsar—Brutus laid me lower.

*Hamlet.*

A brute indeed, to kill so great a bore !

*Queen.*

Come, sit by me, dear Hamlet, whilst they're acting.

*Hamlet.*

I'd rather not ; here's metal more attracting.  
(*To Ophelia*) Ophelia, may I lie upon your knees ?

*Ophelia.*

O, surely ; or wherever else you please.

*Hamlet.*

Look at mama—She's grinning by the pow'rs,  
And father died within the two last hours !—

*Ophelia.*

Two months.

*Hamlet.*

So long ? Nay, then, I'll turn the tables.  
The deuce take black, I'll have a suit of sables.

*Ophelia.*

Pray what's the play, my Lord ?

*Hamlet.*

I've ne'er a bill ;  
I cannot tell ;—but that rum jockey will.

THE CURTAIN RISES.

*Enter 2d Actor as Prologue.*

*For us and for our pantomime,  
We beg you'll give us needful time.*

[*Exit.*

## THE PANTOMIME.

SCENE.—*A Garden.*

Enter Duke and Duchess—They embrace—Vow eternal love and constancy—Duke suddenly taken ill—Duchess alarmed—Shrieks—Enter a Page—Exit—And return with a bottle and glass—Duchess fills the glass for Duke, whilst she herself receives consolation from the bottle—Duke intimates that he feels his end fast approaching—Duchess strikes her forehead, clasps her hands, &c. &c.—(*the usual pantomime signs of distress*)—Vows never to survive him—At least, to live single ever after—Duke shakes his head in a manner as expressive as possible of the monosyllable “fudge”—Duchess points to the ceiling, (*the pantomime mode of swearing*), and exhibits a scroll thus inscribed :

“ No second husband will I take,  
 “ When I have lost my first,  
 “ I swear: and if my vow I break,  
 “ Why then—may I be curs’d.”

They embrace—Duke gently reclines his head over his right shoulder, and meets it with the palm of his right hand (*pantomime for “sleepy”*)—Duchess takes the hint—Reaches a chair—Duke seats himself—Sleeps—Snore—Duchess points to the Duke—Presses her heart—Then points to the ceiling—and Exit.

*Hamlet.*

(*To Queen*) Like you the play ?



*Queen.*

Indeed I must confess,  
The lady vows too much.

*Hamlet.*

She means no less.

*King.*

I hope the actors no offence intend ?

*Hamlet.*

You'll find they are but jesting in the end :  
There's no offence : the story, please your grace,  
A murder done in some outlandish place.  
O, 'twas a scurvy trick ; but that all nonsense is  
To you and I, my Lord, who have clear consciences.  
I never did a murder—I can bear it ;  
But if the cap fit *you*, why you may wear it.  
But let's be quiet—See, they're coming in.—  
Now, murd'rer, damn your faces and begin.

*The Pantomime continued.*

Enter Duke's nephew—Listens whether the Duke be asleep—  
Takes a bottle from his pocket—Attempts in vain to  
draw the cork—Exit.— And return with a corkscrew  
and a funnel—Draws the cork—Puts the funnel to Duke's  
ear—Pours the contents of the bottle into it—A noise—  
Exit in haste.

*Hamlet.*

Is not the case of the poor Duke a hard one ?  
For his estate he's poison'd in his garden.

You'll see anon the murd'rer weds his widow ;—  
'Twas his own nephew who the murder did.

*King.*

Oh!

*King faints and is carried off—Followed by Queen,  
Polonius, Ophelia, &c. &c.  
[Manent Hamlet and Horatio.*

SONG.—HAMLET.

O dear what can the matter be!  
Dear, dear, what can the matter be!  
O dear what can the matter be!

Did you see how he fainted away?  
To condemn any man on slight grounds I'm not willing,  
But in future I'll take the ghost's word for a shilling:—  
Did you notice the king when it came to the killing?—  
And now, friend, I wish you good day.

*[Exit Horatio.*

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Rosen.*

My lord, I have a message.

*Hamlet.*

Well, what is it?

*Rosen.*

The Queen desires you'll pay her soon a visit.

*Hamlet.*

I'll come anon.—But stay—upon my life  
I'll have you play a tune upon this fife.

*Rosen.*

My lord, I can't.

*Hamlet.*

I know you can.

*Rosen.*

The fact is  
I could play once, but now I'm out of practice.

*Hamlet.*

Come, Sir, then you shall play. (*To Guild.*)

*Guild.*

My lord, I would,  
But I can't play at all, nor ever could.

*Hamlet.*

Why, look ye, what a nincompoop you'd make me.  
Zounds, Sir, for what the devil do you take me?  
Not play on this, and yet sound me! Od's life!  
D'ye think I'm easier play'd on than a fife?  
I'm not the booby you may think—March! fly!—  
And tell my mother I'll come by and by.  
[*Exeunt Rosen. and Guild.*]

### SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—"Hey randy dandy O.")

'Tis now the very time of night,  
Hey randy dandy O!  
When ghosts to stalk about delight,  
With their gallopping randy dandy O.

Tis now the time when church-yards yawn,  
Hey randy dandy O !  
And let their tenants out till morn,  
With their gallopping randy dandy O.

For a precious row I'm just in cue ;  
Hey randy dandy O !  
Some mischief I should like to do.  
With my gallopping randy dandy O.

But first I'll to my mother go,  
Hey randy dandy O !  
And what is what I'll soon let her know,  
With my gallopping randy dandy O.  
[Exit Hamlet.

## SCENE III.

*The Queen's Closet.*

*Enter Queen and Polonius.*

*Polonius.*

He'll soon be here :—then let him have his whack :  
Tell him he'll bring a house upon his back ;  
Tell him his pranks may get him soon a kicking,  
And that your grace has sav'd him many a licking.  
I'll go and hide myself behind the curtain.  
Now mind your eye—

*Queen.*

I'll tip it him for certain.  
[Polonius conceals himself behind the arras.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Hamlet.*

Well, mother, what's the matter with you now ?

*Queen.*

Your father, Sir, has made a pretty row (*d*).

*Hamlet.*

Mother, you've put my father in a passion.

*Queen.*

Zounds, Sir, don't answer in this idle fashion.

*Hamlet.*

None of your blarney ; it won't do to-night,

*Queen.*

Have you forgot me, puppy ?

*Hamlet.*

No, not quite :

You are the Queen—wife to your husband's brother ;  
And (tho' I blush to own you,) you're my mother.

*Queen.*

Behave yourself ;—be decent, Sir, I beg.—

*Hamlet.*

Sit down—and dan'me if you stir a peg  
'Till I have let you see your very soul—

*Queen.*

What ! Would'st thou kill me ? Help, ho !—watch!—

*Polonius.*

(*Behind*)

Patrole !

*Hamlet.*

A rat—a rat—by Jove, that's just the thing—  
He's dead as sure as two-pence.

[*Hamlet draws, and stabs Polonius behind the arras.*  
Is't the King?

*Queen.*

O, Hamlet! you have done a deed felonious;  
You've kill'd our poor lord chamberlain Polonius.

*Hamlet.*

They who throw stones should mind *their* windows,  
mother.—  
Who kill'd a king and married with his brother?

*Queen.*

If I know what you mean, the devil burn me.

*Hamlet.*

(*Lifts up the arras and sees Polonius.*)

Thou'st paid for list'ning to what don't concern thee.  
(*To Queen*) Leave wringing of your hands: before  
we part,  
I'll take the liberty to wring your heart.

*Queen.*

What have I done that you dare make so free,  
As thus to blow me up, and bully me?

*Hamlet.*

Oh! such an act—it scarcely can be nam'd—  
So bad—I wonder you're not more ashamed.  
Jump o'er a broomstick (*e*), but don't make a farce on  
The marriage ceremonies of the parson.

*Queen.*

What act d'you mean?—You hoax—there's nothing  
in it.

*Hamlet.*

I'll let you know my meaning in a minute.

## SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—" *Drops of Brandy.*")

Come sit you down here, ma'am, a little,  
And I'll shew you two counterfeit faces;  
They're done from the life to a tittle—  
Come, none of your fine airs and graces.  
Look on this first: the likeness you well know,—  
Like a ploughman so plump and so chubby;  
A good-looking, fine, strapping fellow—  
Now, madam, this once was your hubby.

*Ri tol, &c.*

You'll now please to look upon this:  
I'd have married a moukey as soon—  
An old, ugly, undersized quiz—  
Zounds! the fellow looks like a baboon.  
How could you take *this*—and forego  
The one I now hold in my hand, mother?  
You can't say 'twas for love; for you knew  
That you're almost as old as my grandmother.

*Ri tol, &c.*

*Queen.*

O, say no more—I'll mind what I'm about :  
Your words have almost turn'd me inside out.

*Hamlet.*

Nay, but to live (in not the best repute)  
With that inhuman, cruel, murd'rous brute ;  
A very FILCH, that more deserves to hang  
Than any one of the light-finger'd gang ;  
That from a shelf the precious crown did thieve,  
And put it in his pocket—without leave.  
A King of shreds and patches—(*Enter Ghost*) Ha!  
                    here's dad !  
What is't you're come about ?

*Queen.*

Alas ! he's mad !

TRIO.—HAMLET, GHOST, QUEEN.

(Tune—" O Lady Fair.")

*Hamlet*—O spectre grim ! What brings thee here now ?  
Thou com'st thy tardy son to chide, I fear now.  
I own thy commission, as yet, is not quite done ;  
Don't be in a hurry, and all shall be right done.

*Ghost*—Thee of thy promise I come to remind, Sir :—  
(*bass*) A nod's like a wink to a horse that is blind, Sir.

*Queen*—Say, Hamlet, say ! on what art thou staring ?  
So frighten'd am I, that I vow 'tis past bearing.



On what art thou looking? To whom art thou talking?

I can see nothing!—O, where art thou walking?

*Ghost*—But look at thy mother; she seems in a stew, Sir;  
Tell her she'd better not be frighten'd, pray do, Sir!

*Hamlet*—Whom 'tis I look at, fain you'd be knowing:  
Straight thro' the trap-door now he's going.

*Queen*—Whom 'tis you look at, fain I'd be knowing:—  
Who thro' the trap-door now is going?

*Ghost*—Whom 'tis you look at, fain she'd be knowing:—  
Straight thro' the trap-door now I'm going.

} Together.

[*Ghost sinks.*]

*Queen.*

Hamlet, these pranks of your's do much amaze me:  
You surely must be either drunk or crazy.

*Hamlet.*

Mother—I fear your crimes are past all cure;  
But I am no more mad nor drunk than you are:  
So don't humbug yourself; I'm not in liquor.—  
Confess your sins this instant to the vicar;  
Repent what's past, and don't do so again—

*Queen.*

O Hamlet, you have cut my heart in twain.

*Hamlet.*

Then throw away the rotten part, good mother,  
And strive to make a better use of t'other.  
Good night: and when you next lie down your head,  
Be sure you kick my uncle out of bed:

For tho' at best you're no great things—'twere right  
To keep appearance up.—Once more, good night.

[*Exit* Queen.

I must be staunch with her :—I dare not falter :

And thus we whip a thief, to save him from the halter.

[*Exit* Hamlet.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



# HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter KING and QUEEN.*

*King.*

Explain these sighs; 'tis fit we share the fun :  
How's Hamlet ?

*Queen.*

Mad as butter in the sun (a) :  
Hearing a noise, " a rat, a rat," he roar'd,  
And in his crazy fit whip'd out his sword,  
And ran Polonius thro' behind the curtain.

*King.*

Had we been there, he'd have spik'd us for certain.  
Soon as 'tis day-light he shall buy a brush ;  
And this unlucky job we'll try to hush.  
Ho ! Guild'stern ! (*Enter Guild. and Rosen.*) Just  
now hath Hamlet slain,  
By way of joke, our poor lord chamberlain.—

The body to the bone-house take ;—seek out  
And bring lord Hamlet here.—Come, jump about.  
[*Exeunt* Guild. and Rosen.]

We'll now prepare to pack him off to London :—  
As for Polonius—what's done can't be undone.  
[*Exit* Queen.]

If Hamlet thus go loose he'll make a racket ;  
And yet we dare not give him a straight-jacket :  
Because tag-rag and bob-tail love him dearly—  
And right from wrong, they can't distinguish clearly.

*Enter* Rosencrantz and Guildenstern *with* Hamlet.

*King.*  
Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

*Hamlet.*  
He's in heav'n ;  
But if you think that I'm to lying giv'n,  
Send there to see : if there your man don't nick him,  
E'en to the devil go yourself and seek him.  
If in a month you find not where he's closeted,  
Your nose will hint i'th' dust-hole he's deposited.

*King.*  
Go seek him there : I fear he's only humming.  
[*Exit* Guild.]

*Hamlet.*  
Pray don't fatigue yourself ; he'll wait your coming.

*King.*

From pure regard for thee, this cursed blunder  
Must send thee, Hamlet, hence.

*Hamlet.*

I shou'dn't wonder !

*King.*

Therefore for England instantly prepare ;  
The packet's ready and the wind is fair.

*Hamlet.*

Good.

*King.*

So you'd say if you our reasons knew.

*Hamlet.*

There's one above sees all—But come ; adieu !

[*Exit Hamlet and Rosen.*]

*King.*

Now, England, if thou car'st for us a button,  
Thou'lt sweetly tickle this young jockey's mutton (*b*).  
[*Exit King.*]

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the Palace.**Enter Queen and Horatio.**Queen.*

I will not speak to her.

*Horatio.*She'll breed a riot;  
You'd better have her in to keep her quiet.*Queen.*Well, send her up: (*Exit Hor.*) I think the devil's  
in it,  
That I can never be alone a minute.*Enter Horatio with Ophelia.**Ophelia (sings.)*Three children sliding on the ice,  
All on a summer's day;  
The ice it broke—they all fell in—  
The rest they ran away.*Queen.*

Sweet lady, what's the meaning of this song?

*Ophelia.*

I'll sing the rest—for 'tis not very long.

(Sings.)

Now had these children staid at home,  
And slid upon dry ground;  
They broken necks had had, perchance,  
But never had been drown'd.

*Enter King.*

*King.*

How is't, Ophelia?

*Ophelia.*

Where's the use of sorrow?  
For, ah! we're here to-day and gone to-morrow!

SONG.—OPHELIA.

(Tune—"How happy would I be with either.")

'Tis the fashion for lads to court lasses,  
But I know a case quite contrary:  
Peggy Tomkins (*c*) lov'd Johnny the butler,  
And she whistled for John down the area.

*Ri tol, &c.*

*King.*

Pretty Ophelia.

*Ophelia.*

Aye, 'tis true, depend on't;  
And so, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.



## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

(Sings.)

Says John, "go to the back-kitchen-window,  
 And quickly I'll come and unbar it."—  
 But, to shorten a very long story,  
 Peggy staid all night long in John's garret.  
*Ri tel, &c.*

*King.*

How long hath she been thus?

*Queen.*

I cannot tell.

*Ophelia.*

We must be patient; all may yet be well.  
 Yet I must weep—to lay him in the dirt is  
 A dirty trick—I'll tell it to Laertes.  
 I thank you—so 'tis best—you counsel right—  
 My coach—three thirty-five—(d) good night, good  
 night.

[*Exit Ophelia.*]*King.*

Follow her close: Horatio, you be at her;  
 See you look sharp. (*Exit Hor.*) Hollo, there! what's  
 the matter?

[*Noise within.*]*Enter Marcellus.**Marcellus.*

My lord, my lord, Laertes heads a mob,  
 And comes to knock about your royal nob.

HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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The rabble swear your majesty shall swing;  
And loudly cry, "Laertes shall be king."

[*Exit* Marcellus  
[*Noise without.*

*Enter* Laertes.

*Laertes.*

You blackguard ! (*To the King*)

*Queen.*

Fie ! Laertes.

*Laertes.*

I had rather  
You'd mind your business. (*To King*) Give me back  
my father.

*King.*

Hold him fast, Gertrude, I'll get out o' th' way;  
He's twice as big as I am. (*Going.*)

*Laertes.*

Stop, I say !

Who kill'd my father ?

*King.*

How should I know ?

*Laertes.*

Nonsense.

*Queen.*

He did not kill him.

*King.*

No, upon my conscience.

I'll prove my innocence beyond all doubt.

*Laertes.*

None of your blarney,—(e) but I'll soon find out.  
I'll twig ye all for't—I'll not stand your humming.

*Enter Horatio.*

*Horatio.*

Here's Miss Ophelia, Sir.

*King.*

Pray let her come in.

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws  
and flowers; her clothes splashed with mud and  
dirt.*

*Laertes.*

My pretty maid—This is too much to bear!  
By Gemini she's mad as a March hare!

*Ophelia. (sings.)*

Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,

*Ri tol, &c.*

The fairest wench in all the town,

*Tiddy-tiddy, &c.*

*Laertes.*

To see her thus—O, 'tis a doleful pity!

*Ophelia.*

What must be, must—but hush!—I'll end my ditty.

(*Sings.*)

A captain bold in Halifax,  
Who liv'd in country quarters,  
Seduc'd a maid who hang'd herself,  
One morning in her garters.

Stop—stop—I've brought some fruit :—for you, sweet  
Queen,

The finest cabbage that was ever seen ;  
For you a bunch of carrots ; and for you  
A turnip ;—and I'll eat a turnip too.

To bring a rope of onions, (*f*) too, I tried,  
But father ate them all before he died.

Well, there's an end of him !—he's gone !—aye true—  
Come, one song more, and then—then I'll go too.

SONG.—OPHELIA.

And will he not come again ?

And will he not come again ?

He is knock'd o' the head,

And than mutton more dead,

And never will come again.

His beard was as white as my shift,

As white as my shift was his pole :

He is gone—let's be jolly,

For grieving's a folly,

And never will save his soul.

[*Exeunt Ophelia and Queen.*]

*King.*

Laertes, I lament your situation :  
But, come, we'll have a private conversation,  
And I'll acquaint who 'twas kill'd your father.—  
Or, if you like not this plan, and had rather  
Submit our difference to an arbitration,  
You may depend on ample reparation.

*Laertes.*

His shabby fun'ral too—O sad reproach !  
Not e'en attended by a mourning coach ;  
No mutes, no pall-bearers, and (what's still worse)  
Two wretched, knock'd-up hacks, to draw his hearse.  
I'll have revenge.

*King.*

You shall.—Tip us your daddle :  
But on the right horse see you place the saddle.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King and Laertes.*

*King.*

And now, my cock of wax, I've prov'd that I  
Have never had a finger in the pie.  
Thinking to murder me, did Hamlet kill him.

*Laertes.*

O, let me catch him, and I'll sweetly mill him (g).

*King.*

That may you speedily.—E'en now I've learn'd,  
Hamlet hath unexpectedly return'd.  
Now, I've a scheme will suit us to a T;  
'Twill keep suspicion too from you and me :  
To his long home he quickly shall be sent,  
And so, as it shall seem, by accident.

*Laertes.*

I will be rul'd by you : but plan it so,  
That *I* may tip the rascal his death-blow.

*King.*

'Tis rumour'd you're a famous pugilist ;—  
Now, Hamlet oft hath long'd to try your fist :—  
I'll have you box together for a wager !

*Laertes.*

To give him a sound drubbing I'll engage, Sir :  
Depend upon't who's who I'll let him know.

*King.*

Contrive to give him an unlucky blow :  
But, to make sure of him, (should this plan fail)  
I'll put some ars'nic in a mug of ale ;  
And when he's hot and thirsty with the fight,  
I'll give it him to drink—What think you ?

*Laertes.*

Right !

*Enter Queen.*

*Queen.*

Misfortunes ne'er come singly oft I've found ;  
Now here's a pretty rig—Ophelia's drown'd.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

## SONG.—QUEEN.

(Tune—"Our Polly is a sad slut.")

Ophelia is a sad slut!  
In spite of all I'd taught her,  
She went to fish for tittlebats,  
And fell into the water.  
An envious bramble near the ditch  
Fast by the ankle caught her,  
And sous'd her over head and heels,  
Slap-dash into the water.

*Laertes.*

Oh! I've a speech of fire; but like a spout,  
My tears do play upon't, and put it out!

[*Exit.*

*King.*

I've had enough to do to keep him quiet,  
And now will he kick up another riot.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*A Church Yard.*

Gravedigger discovered digging a Grave.

## SONG.—GRAVEDIGGER.

(Tune—"Black Joke.")

O, long life to the sons of the pick-axe and spade,  
For they hold up an ancient respectable trade;  
*With my dig, dig, pick-axe and spade.*  
In the hist'ry of all early states 'twill be found,  
That each half-naked nobleman dug his own ground:—  
For *antiquity*, all trades to delving must give in,  
Since by digging e'en Adam himself earn'd his living.  
*With my dig, dig, pick-axe and spade.*

*Whilst the Gravedigger is singing this Verse,  
Hamlet and Horatio enter at a distance.*

*Hamlet.*

This fellow digs and sings—unfeeling knave!  
He's making merry of a trade that's *grave*.

*Horatio.*

Use, Sir, is second nature.

*Hamlet.*

On reflection,  
I think I'd do the same were I a sexton.



*Gravedigger (sings.)*

The carpenter, shipwright, and mason may boast  
Of the strength of their buildings—they're nut-shells at  
most.

*With my dig, dig, &c.*

But the sexton builds stronger than all put together,  
For the houses that *he* makes, defy wind and weather;  
And his tenants live snug, undisturb'd, and content,  
For they're ne'er teaz'd for taxes, nor troubled for rent.

*With my dig, dig, &c.*

[Gravedigger *throws up several skulls.*

*Hamlet.*

That scull might once have been a politician's;  
And that a lawyer's, or a grave physician's.  
Law, politics, and physic, now must grovel,  
To bear a basting with a dirty shovel!—  
That sexton seems a dev'lish dry old elf:  
Horatio, shall we quiz him?

*Horatio.*

Please yourself.

*Hamlet.*

(*To Gravedigger*) Do'st know whose scull was this  
amongst the many?

*Gravedigger.*

What! can't you tell?

*Hamlet.*

Why, how the devil can I?

*Gravedigger.*

Of all good fellows sure he was the best, Sir !  
This scull was Yorick's once, the late King's jester.

*Hamlet.*

Alas, poor Yorick ! Sir, I knew him well—O !  
He was indeed a jolly roaring fellow.  
Horatio, he would get dead drunk,—and after  
Could keep the table in a roar of laughter :  
The first and last was he in ev'ry row :  
O' th' wrong side of his mouth he's laughing now.  
Now, when Miss Prim is seated at her glass,  
With paints and washes to bedaub her face,  
Tell her (to make her giggle at her toilette),  
That paint her face inch thick, yet death will spoil it.

## SONG.—HAMLET.

(Tune—" *Dorothy Dumps.*")

When depriv'd of our breath,  
By that harlequin, Death,  
His pantomime changes fast follow :  
First his magic displaces  
Eyes and nose from our faces,  
And like this leaves them ghastly and hollow.

'Tis to him the same thing,  
Whether beggar or king,—  
'Midst his frolics all share the same fate ;  
And certain it is,  
To a thing just like this,  
He transform'd Alexander the Great.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

Next, without much delay,  
 We're converted to clay;  
 But our next transformation's a lott'ry:  
 Some are chang'd into cans,  
 Some to pint-pots or pans—  
 Some to tea-pots from Wedgewood's fam'd pott'ry!

By this rule may we trace  
 Julius Cæsar's bold face,  
 'Till we find it i' th' form of a jug;  
 And renown'd Alexander,  
 The world's great commander,  
 A two-penny earthenware mug!!

*Bell tolls.*

*Hamlet.*

But mum! here comes King, Queen, and all the court:

Let's stand aside awhile and see the sport.

[*Bell tolls.*

*Enter Friar, King, Queen, Laertes, Marcellus, Bernardo, Gentlemen and Ladies, following the corpse of Ophelia.*

*Laertes.*

Must there no more be done?

*Friar.*

Steady, lad, steady;  
 Don't talk of more—we've done too much already.

*Laertes.*

In with her then : (*The coffin is put into the grave*)  
 and if, as gossips tell,  
 Old maids are destin'd to lead apes in hell,  
 May'st thou be one in my poor sister's train.

*Hamlet.*

What, my old sweetheart ! We're bewitch'd, 'tis  
 plain (*h*).

*Queen.*

(*Scattering flowers*) Instead of this, as I'm a living  
 sinner,

I thought t' have had soon a good wedding dinner.

[*The Gravedigger about to throw  
 the earth into the grave.*]

DUETT.—LAERTES AND HAMLET.

(Tune—" *Nancy Dawson.* ")

*Laertes.*

Sexton, throw aside your spade,  
 Don't be in so much haste, my blade ;  
 Once more I'll buss the bonny maid,  
 Before the grave you fill, Sir.

[*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now cover up the quick and dead,  
 And pile your dust upon my head,  
 'Till of this flat a mount you've made  
 As high as Greenwich-hill, Sir.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

*Hamlet (advancing.)*

Who's ranting in so fine a strain?

*Laertes.*

Pray, who are you?

*Hamlet.*

Hamlet the Dane.

*Laertes.*

I'm glad I've caught you here again—

Now dam'me but I'll choak thee.

*[Springs out of the grave, and catches  
Hamlet by the throat.]**Hamlet.*

Let go my throat—don't squeeze so tight;

For tho' I'm not the first to fight,

I'll thump you to your heart's delight,—

So you'd better not provoke me.

I'll fight for her, (so hold your mag),

Until my eye-lids cease to wag;

But if you only mean to brag,

Come, tell me what you'll do, Sir.

Of paltry *Greenwich-hill* you speak,

But on me, I'll let them pile a heap,

That shall rival the Devil's A—e a-peak—

I'll rant as well as you, Sir.

*[Exeunt Hamlet and Horatio.]**Queen.*

Alas, he's crack'd ! Awhile he'll growl like Towzer (i):

Anon, he's patient as a hungry mouser (k).

*King.*

Good Gertrude, see your crazy son you make fast.

[*Exit Queen.*

And now, Laertes—we'll go home to breakfast.

[*Exeunt King, Laertes, &c. &c.*

SCENE V.

*A Hall in the Palace.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Hamlet.*

Horatio, I am sorry for this squabble ;  
I fear 'twill get me in a precious hobble.

*Enter Osrick.*

*Osrick.*

(*To Hamlet*) His Majesty hath made a match for you,  
Sir,

To spar with young Laertes,—a prime bruiser ;—  
And betted him ten shillings to a crown,  
That you, my lord, will give the first knock down.  
Laertes is quite ready to set to ;  
They're all assembled, and but wait for you.

*Hamlet.*

Lead on : I'll fight him, Sir : I ne'er felt bolder.

*Horatio.*

I'll be your second.

*Osrick.*

I, your bottle-holder.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*The Court of Denmark.**Flourish of trumpets and drums.*

*King and Queen seated—Laertes, Osrick, Marcellus,  
Bernardo, Gentlemen and Ladies discovered.*

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.**King.*

To put an end to squabble, strife, and noise,  
Shake hands and make it up, my jolly boys.

*[To Hamlet and Laertes.]**Hamlet.*

*(To Laertes)* Sir, I have done you wrong, and sorely  
rue it,

But, on my word, I didn't go to do it:  
Therefore let's make it up;—come, don't be hard on—

*Laertes.*

Enough; no man can do more than beg pardon.—  
We're friends.—

*Hamlet.*

With all my heart. Come, let's set to.  
Bring us the gloves—

*Laertes.*

And bring me a pair too.

## HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

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*King.*

Hamlet, you know the wager.

*Hamlet.*

Aye, my lord :  
You've back'd the worses man tho' on my word.

*King.*

I'm not afraid ; I'm sure you'll not fight shy ;  
If you don't win, I know at least you'll try.

*Laertes.*

These gloves are much too tight—another pair—

*Hamlet.*

Mine fit.—Are his as soft as mine ?

*Osrick.*

All's fair.

*King.*

If i' th' two first rounds Hamlet hit most blows,  
Or 'scape the third without a bloody nose,  
Let all the guns we've got make the discovery ;—  
The King shall drink to Hamlet's quick recovery :  
And in the beer this nutmeg shall he pound,  
The largest that in Denmark could be found.—  
Give me the mug : now drum a loud tattoo ;  
The drum shall tell the trumpet what to do ;  
The trumpet's tantarara, post, shall set off,  
And tell the cannoneer the guns to let off ;  
The cannoneer shall fire 'em, and then—stop—  
I think I've said enough—I'll drink a drop.



Here's Hamlet's health! (*Drums, trumpets, and cannon*) Come, now begin the bout.  
And you, the judges, keep a sharp look out.

*Hamlet and Laertes spar.*

*Hamlet.*

A hit.—

*Laertes.*

No hit.

*Osrick.*

A hit, I'll bet a crown.

*Hamlet.*

A hit or not, 't has almost knock'd him down.

[*Drums, trumpets, and cannon.*]

*King.*

Give me the beer : this nutmeg is for you.

[*Puts poison into the drink.*]

Hamlet, your health (*pretends to drink*). You'd better drink some too.

*Hamlet.*

Let's have this round; when I want drink I'll ask it.

(*They fight again.*)

Egad, I had him there in the bread-basket (!).

*Queen.*  
Hamlet, your health. (*drinks*) Ha ! this is famous  
stingo !

*King.*  
Don't drink.

*Queen.*  
I have.

*King.*  
The poison'd cup, by jingo !  
[*Aside.*

*Laertes.*  
I'll nab him ;—but it goes against my conscience.  
[*Aside.*

*Hamlet.*  
Laertes, you're afraid to hit.

*Laertes.*  
Pooh ! nonsense.

*They fight again—Hamlet knocks Laertes down.—*  
*The Queen swoons.*

*Osrick.*  
Look to the Queen. (*To Laertes*) How is't, my lord ?

*Laertes.*  
I'm dish'd ;  
I'm caught as neatly as I could have wish'd.

*Hamlet.*

How does the Queen?

*King.*

To see your bloody noses,  
Her stomach-royal slightly indisposes.

*Queen.*

No, no; I'm poison'd :—your damn'd uncle, here,  
Has mix'd a deadly poison with the beer.—  
'Tis now too late—I've had a precious swig—  
If I'm not a dead woman—dash my wig (*m*).

[*Dies.*

*Hamlet.*

O, treachery ! I'll smoke it on my oath.

*Laertes.*

O, Hamlet ! 'tis all dickey with us both (*n*) :  
You've done my business by a blow, 'tis true ;  
But I—Oh ! I—have done the same for you.  
You're mother's poison'd ;—dying, here I lie—  
The King's to blame—

*Hamlet.*

Die, damn'd old murd'rer, die.  
[*Kills the King.*

*Laertes.*

You've serv'd him right. Hamlet, let's square accounts ;  
Tho' there's some little difference in amounts :

Mine, and my father's death, 'gainst your's be reckon'd—

Now, then, I'm off.—

[Dies.

*Hamlet.*

I'll follow in a second.—

You that look pale, and quiver, quirk, and quake,  
And scarce know what of this sad scene to make—

O, I could tell—for there's a great deal in it—

I'm dead,—(o) at least, I shall be in a minute—

But promise me, before I wish good night,

Horatio, that you'll tell my story right.

*Horatio.*

No, I'll die too—here's poison in the cup—

I'll play the Roman, and I'll drink it up.

*Hamlet.*

Give me the cup; you shall not have a drop—

For here you must a little longer stop.

If e'er you lov'd me—live—my tale to tell—

And then—I care not if you go—to h—ll.—

That last cross-buttock dish'd me—Oh!—I can't  
get on—

Here goes, Horatio,—(p) going——(p) going——

(p) gone.

[Dies.

*Horatio.*

Well, here's a noble fellow gone to pot!—

This altogether's been a pretty plot!

To see dead bodies strew'd about like cattle,  
Were better suited to the field of battle.  
Charon, in safety, o'er the Styx will ferry 'em ;  
And all that we can do now—is to bury 'em.

*[A dead march.*  
*[The curtain falls.*

THE END OF HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

# ANNOTATIONS

BY

DR. JOHNSON,

AND

GEORGE STEEVENS, Esq.

AND OTHER

COMMENTATORS.

---

—— Commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

YOUNG.



## ANNOTATIONS.

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### ACT THE FIRST.

---

#### (a) *My eye and Tommy.*

THIS is rather an obscure phrase. I suspect the author wrote *My own to me*, and that the passage originally stood thus :

*But I have that without you can't take from  
me,*

*As my black clothes* are all my own to me.

The whole passage, which before was unintelligible, is, by this *slight* alteration, rendered perfectly clear; and may be thus explained:—You may disapprove of my outward appearance, but you cannot compel me to alter it; for, you have no controul over that which I wear *without*, as *my black clothes are all my own to me.*—i. e. my own personal property—not bor-



rowed from the Royal ward-robe, but made expressly for me, and at my own expense.

WARBURTON.

Here is an elaborate display of ingenuity without accuracy. He that will wantonly sacrifice the sense of his author to a supererogatory refinement, may gain the admiration of the unlearned, and excite the wonder of the ignorant; but of obtaining the praise of the illuminated, and the approbation of the erudite, let him despair.

*My eye and Tommy (i. e. fudge)* is the true reading; and the passage, as it stands, is correct.

JOHNSON.

In the *Ryghte Tragycall Hystorie of Master Thomas Thumbe*, bl. let. no date, I find, “ ’Tis all my eye and *Betty Martin*” used in the same sense. If the substitution of “*Tommy*” for “*Betty Martin*” be allowed, Dr. Johnson’s explanation is just.

STEEVENS.

(b) *My dear, take my Belcher*—

I question whether *Belchers* were known in Denmark, as early as the time of Hamlet. This is an evident Anachronism.

JOHNSON.

In a very old bl. let. *Detaille of ye Workes of y<sup>e</sup> Looe*, I find mention of “*BELLE-CHERE, a Kerchief* (so called, because of it's Beautie and of it's Dearnesse) *used only by Folke of Degree.*” With greater propriety might Dr. Johnson have doubted the existence of *Umbrellas* in Denmark.

STEEVENS.

(c) *quizzing*—

*i. e.* Making game.

JOHNSON.

(d) *Cheer*—

The folio reads *chear*.

POPE.

Mr. Pope is, I think, incorrect. I have consulted, not only all the folios, but also all the quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, and find that they concur in reading *cheer*. As I consider this a point of too much importance to be left in uncertainty, I have been the more careful in my examination of it.

STEEVENS.

(e) *My watch says twelve*—

Horatio says, 'tis *half past eleven at most*. That

Marcellus's watch keeps time more accurately than Horatio's, is proved by the appearance of the ghost; as it is well known that ghosts are never visible until midnight.

For a man to wear a *good* watch, although there be neither a moral obligation, nor a physical necessity; yet he who, disdaining the equivocating offspring of Geneva, carries one whose motions are regulated with rigid scrupulosity, and whose information is delivered with oracular veracity, deserves praise, and merits commendation.

JOHNSON.

There is so surprising a display of intellect in this observation, that I shall forbear to question the truth of the position.

STEEVENS.

(f) *Rig*—

A row; a kick-up.

STEEVENS.

*Rig* is not, strictly, a *row*, but rather a *go*: in which sense it is used in another part of this play.

JOHNSON.

(g) *You'd better hold your jaw—*

The folio reads *mag*: but I adopt *jaw* (from the quarto) as the more elegant; and as being more in the spirit of our author.

STEEVENS.

(h) *Gab—*

*i. e.* Mag, or jaw. See the "*Slang Dictionary*," St. Giles's Edition.

JOHNSON.

(i) *That diddled me—*

The true reading I believe to be "*that did me*." To *do* a person, is, to *cheat* him.

POPE.

*Diddled* is correct. To *do* and to *diddle* mean the same.

JOHNSON.

(k) *What's the row?*

I have ventured to restore this from the old copies: in the later ones I find, *what now?*

STEEVENS.



## ANNOTATIONS.

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### ACT THE SECOND.

---

(a) *he's up to snuff.*

This is highly figurative. To *snuff up* is to *scent*.  
Guildestern says,

“ \_\_\_\_\_ he knows well enough

“ *The game we're after : Zooks, he's up to snuff.*”

that is, he has got scent of the game we are in pursuit of. The metaphor, which is striking and apposite, is borrowed from the Chase.

WARBURTON.

Without having recourse to a far-fetched explanation, I choose to understand the passage in it's common acceptation: *The game we're after* means nothing more than the trick by which we are en-

deavouring to worm from him his secret; but which, *as he is up to snuff*, i. e. as he is a knowing one, he will, assuredly, render inefficacious.

JOHNSON.

(b) RECITATIVE, (*accompanied*) and DUETT.

This, and all that follows to the end of the scene, is, in almost all the old copies, (for what reason I know not) omitted. By restoring it, I remove the languor under which, for want of a pathetic love-scene, the play has, hitherto, laboured.

JOHNSON.

(c) *that's all gammon*.

It is probable that the author intended *game, man!* By *game* may be understood *fudge*, or *blarney*. When we recollect that many of our author's plays were taken down in writing during the performance, and consider that the copyists may have been misled by the indistinct articulation of the actors, the error may be easily accounted for.

POPE.

The passage, as it stands, is correct; and, to me, appears perfectly intelligible: *that's all gammon*, is equivalent to *that's all my eye*.

Mr. Pope, not readily understanding the passage, seems willing to plunge it still deeper into unintelligibility: like him who, deprived of the organs of vision, excludes the light from his chamber, and immerses it in impenetrable tenebrosity, in order that his visitors may partake of, and be involved in, that obscurity, under which he himself is doomed to suffer.

JOHNSON.

(d) *row*.

A breeze; a kick-up.

JOHNSON.

I find this word used, in the same sense in an old ballad (which, no doubt, was within our author's knowledge) called *Molle in y<sup>e</sup> Wadde*. bl. let. 1564:

“ Molle in y<sup>e</sup> Wadde and I felle outte,

“ And what doe you thinke itt was aboutte ?

“ She wanted monnie—I had nonne,

“ And that's y<sup>e</sup> waie y<sup>e</sup> *row* begun.” [began]

STEEVENS.

(e) *Jump o'er a broomstick*.

We might, with more propriety, read *mop-stick*;



but as I do not approve of alterations unsupported by authority, or of emendations, captious or arbitrary, I leave the text as I found it.

JOHNSON.

*Broomstick* is certainly right. The allusion is to an ancient custom noticed in *Quiz'em's Chronicles*, printed by Stephen Type, at the Sign of the Catte and Fiddelle, London, 1598. bl. let. and entered in the books of the Stationers Company, November 1598.

“ — And y<sup>e</sup> Bryde and y<sup>e</sup> Brydegroome, not  
“ handyely fyndeing a Parson, and being in grievous  
“ haste to bee wed; they did take a *Broome-stycke*,  
“ and they did jumpe from one syde of y<sup>e</sup> *Broome-*  
“ *stycke* over to y<sup>e</sup> other syde thereof; and haveing  
“ so done, they did thinke them lawfuller Man and  
“ Wyffe.”

STEEVENS.

## ANNOTATIONS.

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### ACT THE THIRD.



(a) *Mad as butter in the sun.*

Amongst the popular superstitions is one, that butter is mad twice a year : viz. in summer, when its liquability renders it tenable only in a spoon ; and in winter, when, by the adhesion of its parts, it almost resists the knife.

JOHNSON.

(b) *Thou'lt sweetly tickle this young Jockey's mutton.*

The quarto reads, and, I think, properly, *pickle.*

POPE.

I have restored *tickle* from the folio. In rejecting *pickle*, I am supported by the context : for who ever heard of *pickled* MUTTON ? As a further proof, if (in support of a point established in reason, and beyond the reach of controversy,) further proof be necessary, let me produce the adverbial epithet *sweetly* ; for that which is pickled is never *sweet*, as the distinguishing property of a pickle is its power of exciting on the palate a sensation of *acidity*.

*To tickle one's mutton*, is a popular expression ; and means, to punish by flagellation.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson *may be* right : for in no one of the numerous Works upon Cookery, either ancient or modern, which I have referred to, do I find the slightest mention of *pickled mutton*.

My inquiries into this important subject, though equally diligent in the prosecution, have been less successful in the result, than my investigation of that *more delicate topic*—STEWED PRUNES ; which, I flatter myself, I have (in another place\*) so fully, and so satisfactorily, discussed, as to set all further question upon the matter at rest.

STEEVENS.

\* See Note upon "*stewed prunes*," HEN. IV. Part I.

(c) *Peggy Tomkins*—

Some of the modern editions read *Peggy Perkins* : but as the change was, most likely, unauthorized, and made merely for the sake of the alliteration, I follow the old copies.

STEEVENS.

(d) *My coach—three thirty-five*—

This is an exquisite touch of nature. Ophelia is now wavering between sense and insanity : she calls, first, for *one* coach ; and then, for *three hundred and thirty-five* coaches.

WARBURTON.

This I allow to be an exquisite touch of nature : but by the illustration which the Right Reverend has attempted, its force is obstructed, and its beauty obscured. *Three thirty-five* is, evidently, the *number* of the HACKNEY COACH which brought Ophelia to the palace. Here the poet has given an instance of his unbounded knowledge of human nature. In a short interval of lucidity Ophelia calls for her coach ; and then, forgetful of the presence of the “ Majesty of Denmark,” she calls for it by its *number* 335. This is madness pathetic and interest-

ing: had she, as Dr. Warburton erroneously supposes, called for *three hundred and thirty-five coaches*, it would have been a representation of madness too terrific for exhibition on the stage. Madness is agreeable only until it becomes outrageous.

JOHNSON.

(e) *Blarney*—

i. e. Gammon.

JOHNSON.

(f) *Rope of onions*—

I do not understand this. May we not, with greater propriety, read, a *robe* of onions? *i. e.* a fantastical garment ornamented with onions, in the same way as masqueraders frequently wear a domino, studded with gingerbread nuts—a dress such as Ophelia's phrenzy might naturally suggest to her.

POPE.

*Rope* is undoubtedly the true reading. *A rope of onions* is a certain number of onions, which, for the convenience of portability, are, by the market-women, suspended from a *rope*: not, as the Oxford editor

ingeniously, but improperly, supposes, in a bunch at the end, but in a perpendicular arrangement.

For the hints afforded me in the formation of this note, and for those contained in the note upon *pickled mutton*, I am indebted to a lady celebrated at once for her literary acquirements, and for her culinary accomplishments.

JOHNSON.

*To bring a rope of onions, &c.*

Let us suppose that Ophelia addresses this to the king, and we shall discover a peculiar propriety in its application. The king is represented as an intemperate drinker—Ophelia seems to know that onions are a powerful diuretic. *Verbum sapienti.*

Should the concise manner in which I treat this subject, expose me to the charge either of *decency*, or of deficiency in the talent of definition, I trust that my note upon potatoes\* (wherein I have so clearly and so minutely explained the virtues of that invaluable plant) will free me from both;

COLLINS.

\* See Note upon "*potatoes.*" *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.*  
Act IV.

(g) *Mill him.*

*To mill* is to whack, or, to thump. See the *Slang Dictionary*. St. Giles's Edition.

JOHNSON.

The *Billingsgate* edition of the *Slang Dictionary*, which, in point of accuracy, I conceive to be the least exceptionable, explains it, *to knuckle*, or, *to lather*.

STEEVENS.

(h) *We're bewitch'd, 'tis plain.*

Hamlet's meaning appears to me to be this: I know not how to account for the succession of calamities which has befallen us, unless by supposing that we are labouring under the influence of witchcraft.

JOHNSON.

(i) *Towzer.*

Probably the name of the royal watch-dog.

JOHNSON.

(k) *Anon, he's patient as a hungry mouser.*

This passage is unintelligible. I cannot believe

that *patience* is the characteristic of a *hungry* animal.

POPE.

The difficulty of this passage will be solved by supplying an apostrophe, which, doubtless, was intended to mark the elision of the *a* in *hungry*; and by substituting a capital *H* for a small one.

We must understand *a Hungary* (for *Hungarian*) mouser.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is so ingenious that I am sorry it is not just: for the passage, in its present state, is, not only correct, but eminently beautiful. The Queen compares the patience of Hamlet to that which, after a long privation from food, is exhibited by a mouser whilst watching for its prey.

JOHNSON.

There is yet a beauty which Dr. Johnson has passed without notice. The Queen not only *compares* Hamlet's occasional patience to that of a hungry mouser; but, at the same time, *contrasts* it with his paroxysms of ferocity, resembling the growlings of a watch-dog: whence it is common to say of two persons who live discordantly that "they agree like cat and dog."



It may not be, altogether, uninteresting to the curious reader, to know that a mouser is a *cat* which is trained up for the purpose of killing RATS as well as *mice*. So in Chaucer's *Romaunt de la rose*, ver. 6204 :

“ ————— Gibbe our *cat*,  
 “ That waiteth *mice* and RATS to killen.”

STEEVENS.

(l) *Bread-basket.*

This is poetical. Hamlet strikes Laertes in the *stomach*: the stomach being the depository for food. (the *pantry*, as it were, of the human frame), it is metaphorically termed the *bread-basket*.

WARBURTON.

(m) *Dash my wig.*

If I might hazard a conjecture upon this, I should suppose that the Queen of Denmark wore a wig.

POPE.

Saxo-Grammaticus, Olaus Wormius, and all the old Danish writers, concur in stating that the Queen of Denmark wore a wig. As to its *colour* they are

all silent; but they are at considerable variance respecting its *shape*: for whilst some declare it to have been a *Brutus*, others as confidently assert that it was a *Perruque à la Greque*. I have consulted one hundred and fourteen controversial tracts, (bl. let.) expressly upon the subject, and am still at a loss which side of the question to espouse. I shall, however, resume the inquiry, and communicate the result of my laborious researches to the literary world.

STEEVENS.

Whether the Queen of Denmark wore a *Brutus*, or a *Perruque à la Greque*, is a question which, at this distance of time, to determine were difficult, and which, if determined, would tend only to the gratification of an idle and impertinent curiosity: while the time bestowed upon the inquiry might be more usefully, more advantageously, and more beneficially employed in improving the wigs which are worn by co-temporaneous heads; or, in anticipating improvements for those which may be, hereafter, displayed on the heads of posterity.

JOHNSON.

(n) *'tis all Dickey with us both.*

The meaning of this is, the game is up with us; or, we have gone the length of our tether.

JOHNSON.

So in a old ballad called *Gabriel Gubbyns hys Lamentation*, bl. let. 1602:

“ No more Larke I trowe,

“ 'Tis all *Dyckye* nowe,

“ For I shall bee hangyt for coynynge.”

STEEVENS.

(o) *I'm dead—at least I shall be in a minute.*

Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

*I'm dead at last—or shall be in a minute.*

POPE.

We might, without much violence, read and point thus:

*I'm dead: at rest I shall be in a minute.*

By *at rest* is meant *buried*.

WARBURTON.

What authority Dr. Warburton has for this alteration I know not: and I am equally ignorant of his reasons for so unequivocally asserting that *at rest* means *buried*. Surely when once the principle of vitality has quitted his frame, a man is as much at rest *above* ground as *under*. So feebly is he armed, that, in the present instance, I consider the reverend critic as an unequal adversary; and, therefore, scorn to meet him within the lists of controversy. Impotency demands our pity; but when it affects Herculean muscularity, it but provokes our contempt. We disdain to punish, but we are bound to expose. Were the proposed reading to be admitted, we should make Hamlet positively announce his own death, and afterwards advert to his own funeral. But of this too much.

JOHNSON.

(ppp) — — —

To a literary friend of mine am I indebted for the following very acute observation: "Through-  
" out this play," says he, " there is nothing  
" more beautiful than these dashes: by the in-  
" crease in their lengths, they distinctly mark the

“ increasing difficulty of utterance observable in a  
“ dying man.” To which let me add, that al-  
though dashes are in frequent use with our  
tragic poets, yet they are seldom introduced with  
so good an effect as in the present instance.

JOHNSON.

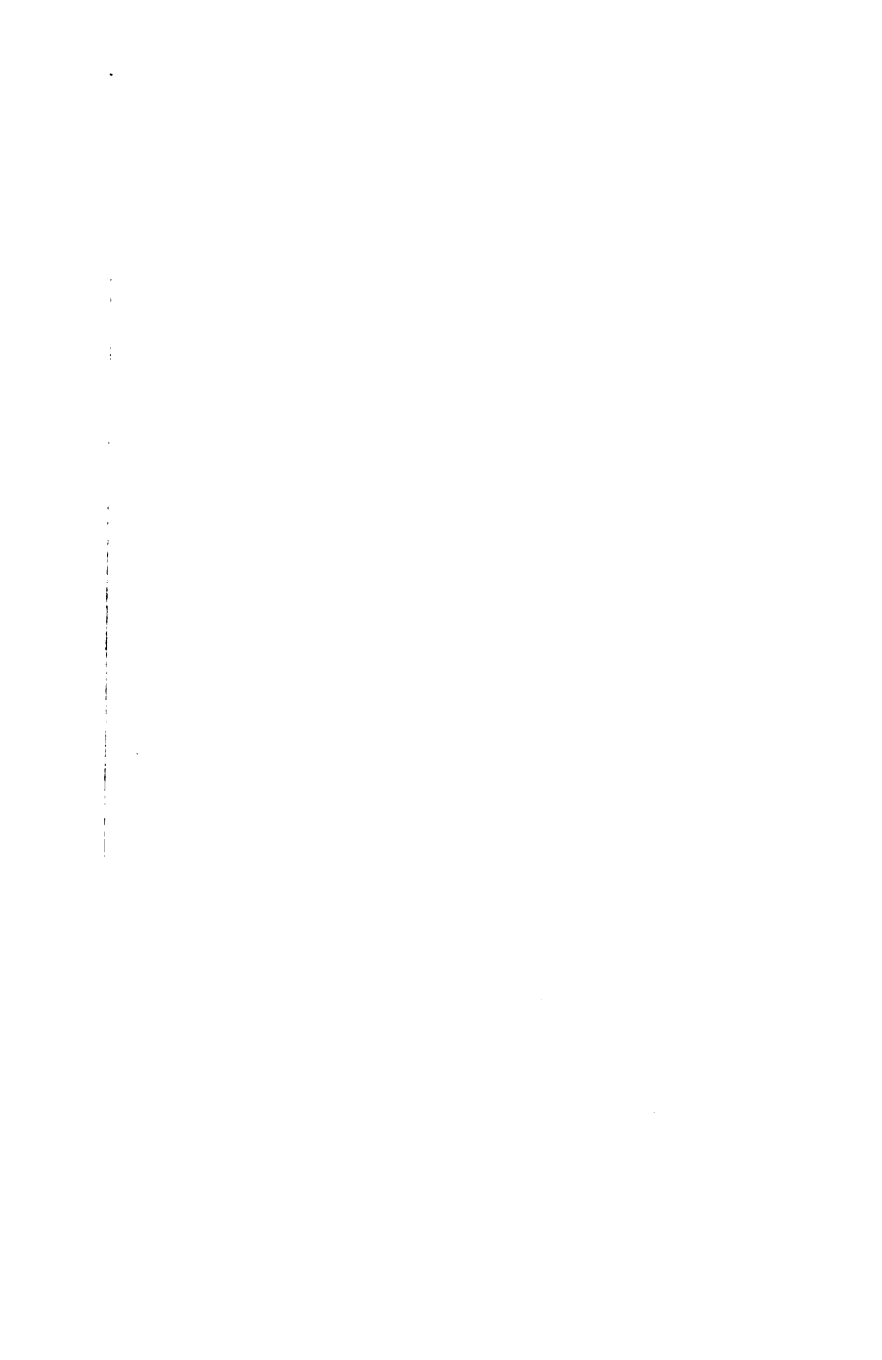
THE END.

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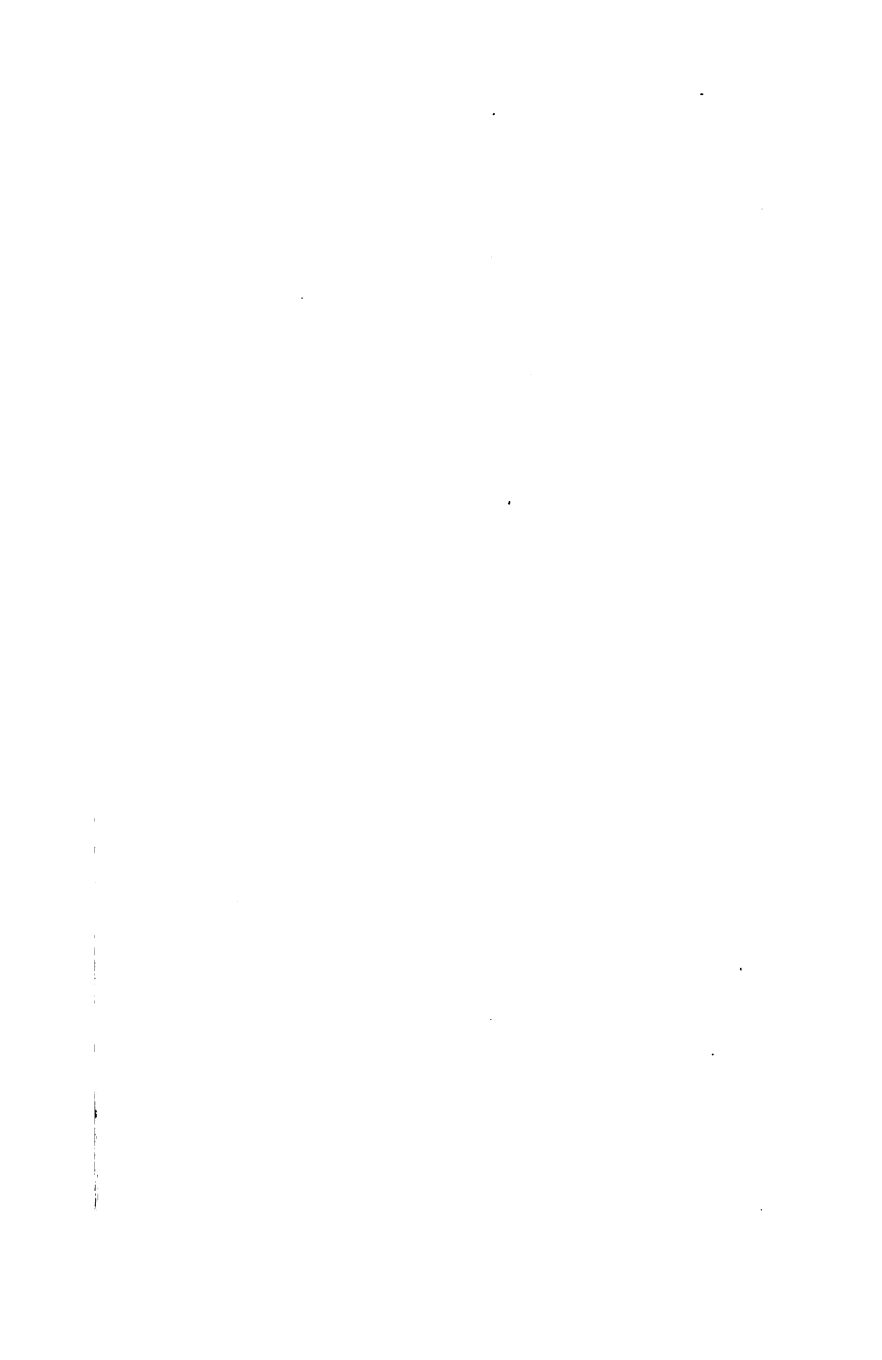
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